MS 492 637

Dec. 19

Have been there
She dreams sometimes
be the very reason
I should be sent
home in st." I
have ever left
Warren the
Great House of
Toscani" & hence
I am at home
with — & wait.
She writes down
but She is very
perfect — perhaps
very sick. I cannot
& to Mr. Phillips. It would be
that was
Sunday & laughing
very acutely
but

Aug 1st, as he summons
reminds me of daughter — & Clarke
& that is the name of Penelope
Hooker's book of poetry, romantic poems
in the Parlor, While Summary between
here & the room. — I am summoned
Queen Tuesday — & that evening the only
Paul Revere for my house, this
& Quarry — cut from Granite to Ohio
Mountain the Romantics. But one had
Lesson furnished in a different
house Sunday. Friends Quaker
Sunday & laughing
very acutely
& Mr. Phillips. It would be

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that was
but

a box of detonating powder.
Carefully she peeped in. It was
a square paper box, & grey
fur was visible. She had been
loose — not connected with the
box. There lifted it & lo! a
tabby cat — coiled up, dead!
a touching spectacle: we were
ready to cry over it, been
all cat-fanciers. There
lay the poor dear fellow creature,
clay-cold & breathless! She
was put in the dirt-tub —
& that was all about it.
We agreed to breathe not
her name. That never was

any such act — what history
glowing page requires us to
summon her shades. Walker
with the men — found Le-
barnes a very sensible fellow.
He it was, who was called in the
Newspapers John Brown's Son
who walked next to Mendell. These
men have all the agreeable
Excitement of Rebellion Robbery
(with the comfort of thinking
they are maintaining law
& order, & serving freedom
& humanity —) of course.
We had a good night — night
& Morning are Annie best
times. At Mendell come
home. Upon Abingtons. Good
time. Country — peaceful and

not know there had been a mob. He saw H. C. Wright & told me his beard was dyed, with a good natured sneer: as when a Frenchman bites the neighbor.

I am now going to the Office — then to see Mr Robbins, then to North Br & I shall get many to go with me, to quietly & unsuspectedly take the image of peoples minds there. When I came home at 9 hrs & thirty minutes many met me with great, unkindness. What had been in his mind was, I had said on Sunday that the house was mine. On being asked, I modified, & said "half of it." "No. It's not yours." "It's the Children's." I told him I stand taxes on half—